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turn, when the hero, against all expectation and after apparent failure, discovers an antitoxin for the trypanosome and saves his companion's life. On their return to the coast, the two men learn that their discovery has been anticipated, but they have gained in character enough to repay them for their struggles and sufferings.

The shortcoming of Mr. Masefield's story is not that it tries to be too poetic for a good yarn, but that its thought is a little tentative, a little experimental: one doubts that what it seems ultimately to say is the author's real or final thought. The theory that religion is scientific service seems banal as the conclusion of a story that shows marks of genius in the writing.

Nevertheless the greatest value of the novel lies in its clear, intense expression of the thoughts and feelings connected with really fundamental things—art, love, religion, science, work.

WINDY MCPHERSON'S SON. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON. New York: John Lane Company, 1916.

There is such a thing as thinking intensely and penetratingly, though with imperfect insight, about the fundamental things of life; and there is such a thing as merely getting very much excited about them. This latter is the besetting fault of the new romance—the romance that combines the truth and frankness of realism with the restless, questing, romantic spirit.

Sherwood Anderson's story, *Windy McPherson's Son*, is arousing in its ruthlessly clear and crudely colorful picturing of life; it is to be valued for its frankness, its straight, unconventional thinking; it can hardly fail to turn the reader's mind to the reconsideration of important, if sometimes depressing, facts of the inner and of the outer life. And yet the story leaves the impression, not that it is a duty to think straight and to pierce through the veils of convention and prudery, but that life is a heady liquor of which it is wise to drink deeply. That you *may* drink deeply, if only you remain honest with yourself and think things out independently—this is the ethics of the thing, a kind of ethics that appeals powerfully to the young and to the adventurous.

Samuel McPherson, the son of a drunken and boastful old veteran of the Civil War, who lives in a little Iowa village, early begins to hate shams, and resolves to make a success of his life. His mind is prematurely stimulated by the older men with whom he associates and he is led to reflect and to feel strongly about such matters as religion and literature and sex and wealth and character. Eventually, determining to follow his strongest bent, he becomes a money-maker. Sam succeeds; he becomes one of the conspicuous financiers of a period of spectacular financiers. He marries a woman who desires children above all else. The two plan a life which might have saved

Sam from his own devil of money-grubbing; but the longed-for children do not come, and the marriage proves a failure. Disgusted with his life, Sam sets out upon a period of aimless wandering, during which he engages in many quixotic ventures among the humbler sort of people. Not finding "Truth," in this manner, he turns to idleness and dissipation. Finally his strong paternal instinct brings him back to sanity and quietness of soul. He adopts some destitute children and returns to the wife he had deserted. Presumably the two lived happily ever after.

The story leaves one aroused, but unsatisfied. What Sam seeks in his quest is not really truth, but experience and ever more experience. Since marriage to a good woman did not content him, it is difficult to see how his vicarious fatherhood could do so. To labor for the next generation is glorious, but it is hardly satisfying if one can see for one's children no prospect better than the carrying on of the endless life process in which one has been able to discern no meaning.

SUSSEX GORSE. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1916.

Sussex Gorse, by Sheila Kaye-Smith, is a story of the sort that is usually called strong and impressive, and it deserves the somewhat faint praise which these terms in common usage imply. It also no doubt deserves the dispraise which is implied in the equally uncritical terms monotonous and depressing. The story is discerningly realistic; it is big and typical; it persuades and pleases with its genuine flavor of earth, and with its true atmosphere of English peasant life. On the other hand, there is monotony enough in the tale, and there is a lack of sentiment for which a kind of robust earthiness does not perhaps wholly make up. The author has taken no pains to relieve possible tedium. She allows the persons of her story to talk as no doubt they would talk, and to repeat phrases as no doubt they would repeat them in real life. The rural vocabulary in *Sussex Gorse* is not extensive. Things are "hemmed bad," or "tedious little," or "lamentable long" or "justabout good," without much variation throughout the book. As a means of arousing and holding interest the author relies upon the largeness of her theme, and upon the power of an exceptionally clear and vigorous style. But if you like the talk of very honest simple, sometimes muddle-headed folk, and if you have pleasure in frank description, you will be pleased with the details of the story.

The plan of the novel is exceedingly simple. As a boy Reuben Backfield became filled with the ambition to conquer Boarzell Moor: he would buy this waste land and lay it under cultivation. As a man, Reuben fought a long bitter fight with the Moor. In order that